“Ballad of Robin”

In London lived a fine young boy

Who had been left alone.

His mother had gone to serve the queen.

To war his father had gone.

He became terribly ill.

His illness crippled his leg.

He sat at home and ate porridge.

For better foods he would beg.

For he delivered a letter.

Which instructed to meet his dad.

For he was to go to Shropshire.

For this made him glad.

The war was over.

No more could he stall.

He was to meet his dad.

So then he found his door in the wall.

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